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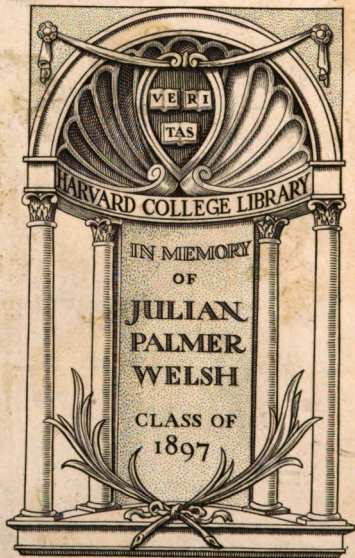
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THE
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TORTESA;

OR,

The Youthful Painter of Spain.

A STORY OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

ALSO,

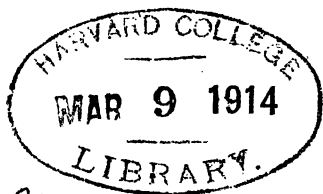
POEMS AND SONGS

WRITTEN, AND MOSTLY SET TO FAMILIAR MUSIC, FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS, SUCH AS SACRED CONCERTS, SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS, TEMPERANCE FESTIVALS, ETC.

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**BY CHARLES GITHENS.**  
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WEST PHILADELPHIA.
ROBERT GAW, PUBLISHER,
MARKET ST., ABOVE MOORE.
1858.

AL 1644.5.35



Welsh fund

Preface.

"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS" to my readers, whoever and wherever they are! If a perusal of the pages of this unpretending little book contributes an iota to their enjoyment, the author is repaid for his labor. It has little in the way of illustrations to recommend it to the favorable notice of the young public. I trust they will endeavor to rest satisfied with the picture I have attempted to sketch in the little story, of a young hero battling nobly to overcome those obstacles which Fate itself seemed to have raised as barriers in the path of true Genius—that the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the fears, the patience and the heroism displayed by him under adverse circumstances, and the ultimate victory achieved over all the difficulties by which he was surrounded, may dwell, for a moment, at least, in the mind's eye. And may the yearnings of the desire for knowledge which he nourished, under circumstances which seemed to deny their fulfilment, have their due effect on the minds of my young readers. The history of "Little Tortosa" proves to them—for it is a true story, its leading incidents having been gleaned from Spanish history—that ultimate success must crown the efforts of those who improve their leisure time to advantage, and hearken to the voice of Wisdom, who crieth, "Take fast hold of Instruction; let her not go, for she is thy life!"

For the Poems and Songs, as well as for the story, I need not fear, I think, a very severe criticism on the part of my young friends. Should they meet the eyes of older and more experienced individuals—a book for children ought always to be first examined by parents, who should know what their children read—I trust they

will perceive that, if there is nothing to captivate the fancy by its alluring beauty, there is also no *poison* to blight their moral growth. If, then, these Poems have no claim to beauty and excellence, it will be borne in mind that no pretension is made to either. They were mostly written for occasions requiring haste. Much more attention was paid to the desire to furnish suitable words to particular music, than to any ambition to render them of poetical value. This was especially the case with the pieces for Children's Concerts, Missionary Celebrations, etc., and the tunes to which they are written were selected for their popularity with the children, enabling them to sing each hymn sometimes even upon the first trial.

By way of apology to some who may doubt the propriety of the adoption of popular song-tunes to religious celebrations, I beg leave, very respectfully, to quote the remark of an eminent divine—Wesley, if I remember correctly—that he could see no reason why “Satan should have all the best tunes!”

Once more allow me to wish you all a “Happy Christmas, and a merry New Year!”—and, when assembled around the cheerful hearth, enjoying the good things which a return of this glad season always bring—not forgetting to bestow a thought on the vast number of fellow-beings who are without the comforts you enjoy—may each one in the happy circle be able to say—

“What though 'tis a stern Winter's day,
Dark clouds obscure the sky,
And damp and chilling are the winds,
So rudely passing by?—
There is no winter in my heart,
No blighted flowers are there;
Sweet buds of bright, unchanging hopes
Are blooming everywhere.”

West Philadelphia.

C. G.



LITTLE TORTESA.

OR,

Filial Affection.

[For the outlines of this little story, the author is indebted to his recollections of the pleasure afforded by the perusal, in his childhood's days, of the Poem of a gifted authoress, Mrs. Mary Wilson. It is founded on an incident in connection with the history of the Art of Painting in Spain; and the traveller visiting the Convent of Seville may, among other specimens, see the celebrated altar-piece upon which the 'Young Painter' was engaged when surprised by his master and pupils.]

INTRODUCTORY.

'A STORY for my young friends!—a story of the
Olden Time. Of Spain—

"Of chivalry the old domain;
Land of the vine and olive—lovely Spain!"

'Is it pretty?' asks little Eddy.

'That, my young sir, is a point of which you yourself
must be the judge.'

‘Does it tell of daring deeds by valiant Knights, in glittering armor clad?’ inquires Sir Willie, a little bright-eyed hero, the oldest in the youthful, joyous, and eager group. Willie has a book in his hand, a present from his grandmother, which he has been reading very attentively, and this accounts, perhaps, for the somewhat lofty manner with which he accompanies his inquiry.

‘Not exactly, Sir Fearnought! I am sorry to disappoint your romantic expectations, for my story has no enchanted castle, nor bold Knight to break the spell, but —’

‘Is it of goblins, and g—ghosts?’ inquires little Johnny, tremblingly, and turning pale.

‘No, Sir Faintheart. But, my dear young friends, had you not better suppress your curiosity on this point for a few minutes, and *hear* the story?’

‘A great while ago—’

‘Ha! ha! I have it! It’s a fairy-tale!’ interrupted little Francis.

‘There lived a celebrated Painter, named—’

‘Is it a *true* story, sir?’ inquired Miss Maria, eagerly,

‘Ah! my little Miss Inquisitive! *your* interrogation is at least a sensible one, and I will answer it. This is a true story. But listen:’

CHAPTER I.

~~SPAIN—HER FORMER SPLENDOR—THE ART OF PAINTING—~~
~~MURILLO—HIS LITTLE SLAVE—THANKFULNESS—ENERGY~~
~~AND PERSEVERANCE.~~

THREE centuries ago, in the Kingdom of Spain, there lived a great Painter, named Murillo. Spain, you must know, my dear children, though at the present time but a fast-decaying monument of her former splendor and greatness, was once one of the most powerful and richest kingdoms of Europe. The beauty and magnificence of her cities—the wealth and grandeur of her rulers—the learning and ability of her statesmen and men of letters—the industry and patriotism of her people, of whatever rank or capacity in life—were unrivalled; and travellers from all parts of the world were drawn to her principal cities by the fame of their splendor and learning, and all united to pay homage to her wide-spread renown, not only for wealth and magnificence, but also for her rapid progress in the Arts and Sciences.

It was in her palmy days—in the days of her prosperity—that this Murillo lived. He was one of the most celebrated Painters of his time. The Art of Painting was then in its glory, and those who by talent and in-

dustry succeeded in mastering its sublime mysteries were regarded as the favorites of heaven—as persons inspired. So great was the veneration for this Art, and so profound was the esteem entertained for their Painters by the kings and people of that time, that in many instances they were exalted as high as the monarch himself. Wealth, honor, distinctions of every kind, were heaped upon them with a liberal hand.

This Murillo, then, was one of these great ‘Masters,’ as they were called. His fame extended all over Europe—wherever his art was known and appreciated, and his *Studio* was daily thronged with pupils not only from the highest and greatest of his own country, but those who came from other lands—princes, nobles, learned and distinguished men—to pay court to his genius and behold the wondrous creations of his pencil, and to endeavor to catch the inspiration which seemed to enable him to guide it with such matchless skill and execute with such surpassing beauty.

Among the attendants upon Murillo was a little boy, named Tortesa, a bright-eyed, interesting youth, not more than a dozen years old, but already had

“Genius mark’d the lofty brow,
O’er which his locks of jet
Profusely curl’d.”

But alas! he was only a poor little slave. Separated from his home and kindred—deprived of a mother's maternal care and affection—a father's protection, the latter, like himself, in bondage—the sympathy of loving friends—alone and seemingly uncared for in the world, sad and cheerless was the lot of the little wanderer,

“On life's rough ocean toss'd.”

Dear children, you who enjoy the blessings of a cheerful home, the bright smile and solicitude of fond parents, the friendship of loving hearts, the care and watchfulness of kind teachers, can little realize what it is to be deprived of these! It is hoped that you are grateful for such blessings, never failing to thank the Almighty Giver of all good that he has made your lot so happy!

“Thank the Giver, God,
That his love is shed on all our ways,
That our life is filled with happy days;

Thank the Giver, God.
Peace can make the humblest lot
Smile with good that withers not:
Loud to the Giver, O sing!

Thank the Giver, God,
That he sends the fruitful summer rain,
That he scatters plenty o'er the plain;

Thank the Giver, God:
Faithful as the season's round,
Heaven's unceasing love is found:
Loud to the Giver, O sing!”

Whatever the station in life to which you may be called, endeavor to discharge its duties faithfully—

“Why should we for ever sorrow,
Though our lot seems hard?
Not to-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Should we give ourselves to sadness,
But to God give thanks in gladness,
That we are just what we are.

IF misfortune overtake us,
Soon or late in life,
Why should that unhappy make us?
Fate is hard, but let's assure her,
Though we're poor, we might be poorer,
And we're glad we are what we are.”

Should your occupation be ever so humble, never let it be despised, but endeavor, like Little Tortesa, to accustom yourself to it, cheerfully and uncomplainingly. Should you hunger and thirst after knowledge, like him may you feel that

“Knowledge is seated on a lofty throne,
Far from the reach of idle drone!”

And, though circumstances may seem to place you at a great distance, and obstacles beset your path, do not despair; energy and perseverance can accomplish much, and with these you may conquer all difficulties, and at last enter her golden gates, and banquet on rich repasts.

CHAPTER II.

**THE PAINTERS AT WORK—THE MYSTERY OF THE STUDIO
—MURILLO'S WRATH—THE COMMAND—DISAPPOINTMENT
FEAR—EXHAUSTION—REPOSE.**

THE duties of Little Tortosa were to sweep and keep in order the Studio of the Painter, dusting and arranging the pictures, and waiting on the pupils while at their work. Sometimes he was entrusted with the task of grinding the colors used in the Art, and while thus engaged, being an observing little fellow, would often listen to the conversation between the Painter and his pupils. Though not able to comprehend all he heard, he treasured up in the storehouse of his mind what he could gather, crumb by crumb, as it were, and gradually his ideas began to expand, and to assume a healthy shape and vigor. While engaged in his menial services, he would frequently pause, and unobservantly approach nearer the group, to catch some word of instruction which in lower tones than usual fell from the Painter's lips. Each new burst of enthusiasm uttered by the pupils, at some new beauty fresh from the Master's touch, found a deep though silent echo within his throbbing breast. And long after Master and pupils had left the studio, would

he stand gazing at the result of their labors, and pondering over the words which he had heard. Oh! how his own thoughts longed to free themselves from their mental bondage, and to transmit to the senseless canvas the living beauties that crowded upon his excited fancy! At length, as time wore on, and each day added some fresh morsel to his eager ear and some new beauty to his longing eye, he grew bolder, and at night, in the silence of the deserted studio, surrounded by the glorious creations of the master-hand, and overpowered by the impressions they produced upon his youthful imagination, he gave himself up to the influence of the hour, and the thoughts within him, and the breathing canvas bore their impress!

Upon entering the Studio in the morning, the pupils were astonished to find that additions had been made to their work during the night. At first, mortified that these new touches should be so much above their own performances, they were silent. At length, after several repetitions of the occurrence, the surpassing beauty and the stamp of superior skill which distinguished each effort of the unknown artist, added to the circumstance of their being made in the night, caused them to ascribe to him supernatural powers.

Marille, himself, one morning was surprised to behold

a picture upon which he had been engaged the day before perfectly finished, and in a manner superior to the most celebrated of his own works. Angry that his picture should be meddled with, and curious to know the possessor of such talents, he sternly demanded of his pupils the name of the offender! They immediately denied all knowledge of the matter, and Tortesa was commanded to keep strict watch the next night, and report the result the ensuing morning, which he readily offered to do.

Poor Tortesa's feelings may be imagined, but vainly described, at this state of affairs. Mingled emotions of grief, shame, disappointment and fear chased each other through his heaving bosom. Perhaps he imagined that a different feeling would have actuated the breast of the stern Murillo. But that terrible look! could he ever forget it? It seemed to have entered his very soul. And the no less fearful tones of his master still rung in his ears, and gloomy forebodings of his fresh wrath when, on the morrow, he would know all, presented themselves to his mental vision. For his only alternative was to throw himself at the feet of his master and confess the truth, and receive the punishment for his temerity.

Like the mountain-torrent, when the barriers of its confinement are removed, and its waters gush forth with

resistless fury, only the more violently from the opposition which impeded them in their onward course—so the pent-up feelings of young Tortesa, confined in their intensity to the deep recesses of his bosom, at last gave way, and his overcharged and aching heart and brain found relief in tears. Casting himself upon his humble couch, he gave himself up to the agony of his uncontrolable thoughts, till, exhausted nature could endure no more, and sleep—gentle, friendly sleep—came to his eyes, and in its sweet oblivion were buried for a time the sorrows of the poor little unfortunate. Happy forgetfulness—blessed Sleep, that

“Upon the high and giddy mast
Seals up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rocks
His senses in forgetfulness;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And all appliances and means to boot,
Comes not to the king.”



CHAPTER III.

SPECTRES—THE BEAUTIFUL VISION—HOPE—ENTHUSIASM
—THE KING'S PICTURE—THE SURPRISE—TERROR.

WITH the first beams of the rising sun the little slumberer awoke. His sleep had not been undisturbed by the phantoms that harassed his waking moments; his master's stern look and the awful tones of his voice haunted even the slumbers of Tortosa, and the spectres of his imagination at intervals assumed new shapes of horror; but as they slowly disappeared in the dismal gloom of the Studio, a bright gleam seemed suddenly to dispel the darkness of the place, and a form of celestial radiance stood beside the sleeper! The face of the beauteous visitant, as in pity and compassion the beam-
ing glance of her soft eyes rested upon him, seemed to surpass in loveliness anything that Tortosa in his warm-
est fancy had ever pictured! And when the low, sweet tones of her voice awoke the profound stillness, strains of heaven-born music seemed to waft its strains upon the enraptured ear of the sleeping boy. And oh! such words! Seldom had the note of encouragement been sounded in that hapless mortal's ear! She spoke of happier times—a bright future—a life of fame and ad-

miration and wealth and honor—and bade him cheer his drooping heart, and to HOPE! Bending over the humble couch, she smoothed the scattered locks that shaded the sleeper's brow, and blessed him. To grasp the fair hand of the lovely being—to pour out his soul in acknowledgment for such comfort and condescension vouchsafed to the poor, degraded menial, was Tortesa's first impulse. Starting up thus to evince his gratitude, he awoke—but the beautiful vision was gone!

He was alone, in the solitude of the Studio, surrounded by the forms, it is true, but not the realities of life. The sun's rays, which now began to peer through the casements, shone brightly upon the numerous pictures with which the apartment was decorated, and which it was his duty to free from the dust that had settled upon them the preceding day. With hurried movements he now began to prepare the Studio for the arrival of the Painters, the hour for which would soon arrive. As he proceeded, the thought of what was expected of him by his master and the rest, and what account he should render of the matter laid to his charge, were present, and he pictured to himself the consequence which would ensue when he had explained the mystery of the nocturnal intrusion! The remembrance, too, of the bright vision of his slumbers again filled his waking fancy, with all its sweet tones of encouragement, and all its surpass-

ing loveliness of form and feature. At length, surrendering himself up completely to the lingering recollection of that beauteous face, his fancy became wild with enthusiasm! Before him stood the easel upon which the canvas had been spread the preceding day, and upon which the outlines merely of a head had been drawn. It was that of the Virgin (a subject which the Painters of those days generally selected as the one best calculated to show their talents). It was to be Murillo's masterpiece, and designed as a present to the King of Spain, a frequent visitor to the Studio of the Painter. Tortosa seized a brush, and, unconscious of what he did—inspired by the fancies of his whirling brain—endeavored to convey to the canvas the features of his beauteous night-vision! At each touch, new beauties met his view, and enraptured with his success, he labored on, regardless of everything save the desire to imbue the canvas with the impress of his glowing fancy, till at length he was gratified to behold before him, created by his own hand—he, an untaught, friendless boy—seeming to breathe and move with real life, one of the fairest creations his wildest imaginations had ever conceived!

But, as the picture drew near completion, gradually did Tortosa's sense of his position return, and he started when he began to think of what he was doing! What would his master say to find him thus engaged—

what would be his dreadful punishment? He again seized the brush, and was about to efface it, when, he paused, and, gazing into the features he had portrayed, with all a painter's enthusiasm, exclaimed —

“That breathing lip! — that beaming eye! —

Efface it! no — I'd rather die!”

Instead of doing so, he again applied himself to the task, and again, his whole being became wrapt in the contemplation and perfection of the picture, when, startled by a slight noise and a half-suppressed exclamation at his elbow, he turned, and became immediately seized with emotions of consternation and fear, and sank senseless to the floor! His master and the pupils had been for some time in the room, eye-witnesses to the solution of the Mystery of the Studio, and apprehending the culprit in the very act! But so complete was their astonishment at what they saw, that surprise had kept them dumb, and it was only when the last stroke was given, that the exclamation escaped them, unable longer to suppress their emotions. Poor Tortesa already felt like a condemned criminal. The masters of those days sometimes used great cruelty in the punishment of their slaves, and many a fearful tale, of horrid tortures and of frightful deaths, he had heard.

CHAPTER IV.

WONDER—THE PUNISHMENT—THE REWARD—FREEDOM—
FILIAL AFFECTION—THE FATHER—FAME—CONCLUSION.

MURILLO stood for some moments gazing alternately on the picture and then on his trembling slave. Could he believe the evidence of his eyes? There stood his picture, which he has destined to immortalize his own name, but marked and stamped by a master-spirit—superior in his own estimation to any work of his own hand, and one of the fairest creations of genius ever emanating from the inspired pencil of the Painter!

‘Who is your Master, boy!’ sternly demanded Murillo, and the tones of his voice seemed to strike terror to the heart of poor Tortosa. Scarcely daring to raise his eyes, he murmured, in a despairing voice—

‘Thyself!’

‘Nay, he who, I mean, instruction gave?’ said Murillo.

‘Thyself!’ again Tortosa, tremblingly, replied.

‘I gave you none!’ Murillo said.

‘But I have heard,’ Tortesa cried, ‘what you to *others* said!’

‘And more than heard,’ in kinder tones the Painter exclaimed. Turning to the Pupils, who stood gazing on the scene with mingled emotions—first on the Master, now on the Slave, and then upon a work of fancy a more beautiful than which they had never beheld, not even in the Studio of one of the greatest Painters of all Spain—Murillo conversed a few moments with them, and then exclaimed aloud—

‘What is his punishment!’

Poor Tortesa again shook with terror. The dreaded hour had come! He thought of the torture and the dungeon!

‘What’s his reward?’ again shouted his master.

At the words, the poor boy slowly raised his drooping head, and a bright gleam illuminated his jet-black eyes and bronzed features. Could he believe his ears—did he hear aright! But the Pupils came crowding around him; some spoke of riches, treasures such as great men like his master might bestow; others spoke of fame and preferment, and at last one spoke of freedom!

‘Tortesa! ask for your freedom!’

At the word, Tortesa slowly raised his eyes to his master's face, and said—

‘OH, MASTER! MAKE MY FATHER FREE!’

‘Him and thyself, my noble boy!’ warmly now the Painter cried, pressing Tortesa to his bosom.

‘Thy talents rare, and filial love, even more have fairly won; but be thou mine, by other bonds—my pupil, and my son!’

And the poor boy, who till that hour had drank of the bitter and loathsome waters of contumely and scorn, till his spirit had almost sank within him, was now a free and disenthralled creature—the fetters that confined the daring mind had fallen off—the load upon his heart was removed—and he seemed to breathe a new existence—the free air of liberty—a recreated being! His father, too! He would once more behold the aged man—once more press the loved form to his bosom, and fast locked in each other's arms, mingle together tears of joy! Words were wanting to convey his feelings, the heart too full for utterance, as, kneeling down he endeavored to express his humble thanks to the sovereign Ruler of the Universe who had bounteously showered such blessings on the poor little slave!

Tortesa continued with his late master as pupil, and ere long became one of the most celebrated Painters, of Spain. His dream of hope and vision of the future was fully realized. But he never forgot the virtues which had enobled the poor slave, always remembering that

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is VIRTUE; the only lasting treasure, TRUTH."

The picture at which he was engaged when surprised by his master is still visible, above the altar of one of the most splendid churches in the world.

Murillo never had cause to regret that he had dealt kindly with the friendless boy, for

"He made his name the pride of Spain!"

My dear young friends, the story of Little Tortesa is now finished. I hope it has pleased you. Let me hope, also, that it has accomplished something more than merely the amusement of a few leisure moments, and that you may find an example worthy of imitation, in many respects, even in the poor mulatto slave, and endeavor to emulate the virtue and heroism of the noble boy. Think of his utter unselfishness, when, being pressed to accept freedom and riches for himself, he nobly exclaims —

"Oh! master, make my father free!"

Preferring to remain in poverty and slavery himself, that his father might enjoy the blessings of freedom. Happy the parent of such a son!

‘But,’ says Willie, ‘he was only a Mulatto Boy!’

‘Well, sir, what then? If the difference of race and color renders him an object beneath you, as your words imply, should not his virtues the more stongly claim your admiration? Besides,

“Curly locks and dark complexion,
Cannot alter Nature’s claim;
Skins may differ — but Affection
Dwells in black and white the same!”

But, however, it is reasonable to suppose that young Tortesa was a descendant of the Moors, who formerly conquered and held possession of the greater part of Spain; and who, though differing in complexion and religion from the Spaniards, were, nevertheless, a brave and generous race. “Sir Willie, the Fearnought,” himself, in his admiration for daring deeds and romantic exploits, would not fail to derive great gratification at the recital of the adventures and renown of the Moorish Knights, the glory and grandeur of the ancient Moorish Kings of Granada, and the once unrivalled splendor and

magnificence of their royal abode, the far-famed Alhambra. But, alas! for human pomp and pride, now —

"No more the clarion from Granada's walls,
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls;
No more her graceful daughters, throned on high,
Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye;
Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,
And song is hush'd, and pageantry is fled."

"And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent touch,
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous and bold;
Peopling once more each fair, forsaken hall,
With stately forms — the knights and chiefs of old!"

POEMS, Hymns, &c.,

WRITTEN, AND MOSTLY SET TO FAMILIAR MUSIC, FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS, SUCH AS SACRED CONCERTS, SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS, TEMPERANCE FESTIVALS, ETC.

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BY CHARLES GITHENS.  
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WEST PHILADELPHIA.
ROBERT GAW, PUBLISHER,
1858.



POEMS AND SONGS.

"THE HAND THAT MADE THEM IS DIVINE."

'Tis sweet, as from some beetling cliff
We gaze on the deep sea,
To hear its dashing, foaming waves
Chant their wild melody:
No praise of human pomp they sing,
No lays of triumph tune;
Man's empire stops at Ocean's shore,
There droops the conqueror's plume!

A solemn dirge they grandly sing,
Majestic as they roll;

The mighty Past's sad requiem
Low, mournfully they toll —
Pointing to wrecks of empires vast,
That strew their cavern'd floor,
And mouldering farms, that in the past
The smile of beauty wore!

When Summer's joyous days are come,
We range the blooming dell
Where feathered songsters warble low
The music-breathing spell;
And fairest flowers bashful woo
The gentle, balmy air,
And nought of gloom or discord mars
A scene so bright and fair.

At sunset, from the mountain's brow,
We watch the sun's bright beams
With rays of deep'ning glory gild
The hill-tops, vales, and streams:
Thus Sol salutes fair Evening's cheek,
The dewdrop seeks the rose;
O'er tired Nature sable Night
Its mantle gently throws.

Enraptured gaze we on the work
Art's daring sons have wrought;

On Fancy's beauties, and the wealth
From Knowledge gained, by Thought.
We scan the Philosophic page,
And drink in Wisdom's lore;
And, led by Science's spreading beams,
Her fertile realms explore.

Thus Nature, Art, and Science, all,
Their varied charms combine,
To fill the soul of awe-struck man
With images sublime!
And happy we who thus behold
The impress of His hand,
Who from dull Chaos formed a world
So bright, so fair, so grand!



THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

[Upon entering the city of Wittenberg, as its conqueror, Charles V. was met by the Duke of Alva and the Bishop of Arras, who suggested to him that the bones of Luther be disinterred, and scattered to the winds. Charles indignantly replied: — "Let him rest; I war against the living, not the dead!" This incident is related in a new theological dictionary now being translated from the German, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Bomberger, of Philadelphia.]

•TWAS nobly said! these words of thine,
Great monarch, hero-sage,
In fadeless characters shall shine
On glory's brightest page!
Not all the triumphs that lend grace
And splendor to thy name,
More justly claims than these a place
Upon the scroll of fame!

The sculptured stone and storied verse
The conquests shall record,
And thousands glowingly rehearse
Th' achievements of the Sword;
In Germany's chivalric son
A hero true we find,
A greater victory here he won —
The triumph of the Mind!

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

My childhood's home! rude, vine-clad cott
With memories fond and bright
My heart clings to that rural spot
Where first I saw the light.
Let others prize the splendid dome,
And wealth and grandeur seek;
But give to me that humble home,
That quiet, calm retreat.

Where birds, in joyous wood-notes wild,
Warble dame Nature's lays —
Far sweeter sounds to Nature's child
Than those that Art would raise;
The skies so blue, the balmy air,
The meadows robed in green,
The murmuring brook, the flowers so fair,
The sun's bright, cheering beam.

And when meek Summer's reign is o'er,
And Winter's chilling blast
Comes with the mad wind's angry roar,
And snow-flakes falling fast —

Then, round the blazing hearth we sat,
Fond parents on us smile,
While mirth, and song, and pleasant chat,
The fleeting hours beguile.

Yes, cherished spot! bright thoughts impress
My fancy as I gaze
On pictured scenes of loveliness,
That childhood's visions raise.
Though life's rough waves around me foam,
And care the brow o'ercast,
Fond thoughts of childhood's happy home
I'll cherish to the last!





TEMPERANCE ODES.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Ans — "Heart and Lute," "Old Lang Syne," etc.

ALL honor to the noble band,
 Who, in fair Virtue's name,
 Still strive to free our charter'd land
 From Rum's foul, cank'ring stain.
 Full many a heart, where hope was dead,
 Will yield its glad applause;
 Full many a soul, from error led,
 Will bless the Temp'rance Cause!

Our brave forefathers fought and bled,
 Pour'd out their blood like rain,
 That we in Freedom's paths might tread --
 Their legacy maintain;
 O! may the sons of our old sires
 Guard well the sacred ground;

Long may the light from Freedom's fires
Our glorious land illumine!

Alas! a tyrant rules the land
Where Freedom's martyrs bled;
Intemp'rance still maintains his stand,
And rears his hydra-head.
O! may the hand of Justice stern
Soon grasp the sword of Right,
And from his throne the monster spurn.
That God's own work would blight!

Then, onward march, ye heroes brave,
And dauntless lead the fight;
Go forth to conquer, and to save,
For Temp'rance, Truth, and Right:
Your gleaming standards high advance,
And proudly let them wave;
Be "Virtue, Love, and Temperance,"
The watchword of the brave!



OPENING, CLOSING, AND INITIATORY ODES, FOR MEETINGS.

I. — OPENING.

AIR — "Lilly Dale," or, C. M., without Chorus.

ASSEMBLED in our calm retreat,
 May Peace our councils guide;
 And while in love and joy we meet,
 Let Harmony preside.

Chorus—O, Temp'rance! bright Temp'rance!
 Hope of our race,
 May thy cause ne'er droop,
 Nor a votary stoop
 To the fell Destroyer's embrace!

May God still bless the cause so bright,
 That binds us in Love's bond;
 Let all unite, and Temp'rance plight
 Devotion firm and fond.

O, Temperance, etc.

 II. Tune, "Ariel."

With eager joy and pure delight,
 Again around our altars bright,
 We gather hand-in-hand;
 The cause of Virtue to advance,
 Promote the cause of Temperance —
 A firm, united band.

I. — INITIATORY.

"Hazel Dell."

Welcome, strangers! false allurements scorning,
To this calm retreat;
Where in works of love and duty joining,
Friends of Temp'rance meet.
Here, by Love and Honor's call incited,
Hearts and hands unite;
To Benevolence and Temp'rance plighted,
Truth and Virtue bright.

Chorus.

Welcome, strangers, glad we greet you,
Strangers now no more;
Hand-in-hand, in joy and love we meet you —
The trial now is o'er!

II. Tune, "Ives," or "Eltham."

THOU whose mercies, without end,
As the gushing fountains flow,
Saviour, Counsellor, and Friend,
Still to us thy goodness show;
May thy mighty arm uphold
They who solemnly to-night,
Like faithful Jonadab of old,
Virtue's cause devotion plight.

Should the Tempter's arts assail,
And the pois'nous Cup be shown,

May they, firm as pierceless mail,
 Ev'ry wavering thought disown;—
 Onward in Thy strength advance,
 Heroes in a glorious strife;
 Champions of Temperance
 Ever to the end of life.

CLOSING.

H. M.

THE parting hour draws nigh,
 Our pleasing duties end;
 May HE who reigns on High,
 Be still our Guide and Friend;
 And Temp'rance, Truth, and Love's pure light,
 Illume our path with radiance bright.

Our noble Order bless,
 O! God, its aims advance,
 Till every heart confess
 The claims of Temperance;
 Like Rechab's sons of old may we
 The friends of Virtue ever be.





**SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS — ANNIVERSARIES,
FESTIVALS, ETC.**

THE CHILDREN'S NEW YEARS' GREETING.

Sung at Children's Concert, Musical Fund Hall, New Years' Eve, 1855.

AIR — "Old Granite State."

We come with songs of greeting,
In joy and love here meeting,
To you our thanks repeating,
For your presence to-night,
We're a band of children,
We're a band of children,
We're a band of children,
With motives pure and bright.

With hearts and voices blending,
In kindling strains ascending,
Music its power lending,

Your smiles we hope to gain:
We're a band of children,
We're a band of children,
We're a band of children,
A joyous, happy train.

Proudly the chorus swelling,
On theme of glory dwelling,
No tale of carnage telling,
 Of human pomp and pride —
By pure aims incited,
Hearts together plighted,
We're a band united,
 Here Peace and Joy preside.

What though in years but tender,
Shall we no off'ring render,
To Christ, our youth's Defender,
 Our Guardian and our King?
Yes! a grateful tribute,
Yes! a grateful tribute,
Yes! a grateful tribute,
 The Children, too, would bring.

We come with songs of greeting,
In joy and love thus meeting,
To all our thanks repeating,
 For their kind presence here;
With a joyful greeting,
With a joyful greeting,
With a joyful greeting,
 And a "Happy New Year!"



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR'S HYMN.

[Sung at Children's Concert, Musical Fund Hall, December, 1855.]

TUNE—"HAZEL DELL."

HARK! how sweetly on the ear are falling
Sounds I love so well;
Well-spent hours and happy thoughts recalling—
'Tis the Sabbath-bell.
How welcome, each holy Sabbath morning,
Those sweet tones to me;
Ev'ry truant inclination scorning,
To my school I flee.

Chorus.

Hark! the Sabbath-bell is sounding,
Haste! to school repair;
O, let each, with buoyant spirit bounding,
In the class appear.

May I ever, as in years increasing,
Love my school still more;
In hymns of praise, and prayer unceasing,
Lord, thy name adore—
For Thy mercy, all our lives prolonging,
There in love to meet;
There each Sabbath-day together thronging,
Blessings to entreat.

Hark! the Sabbath-bell is sounding,
Joyously and sweet;
Haste! let all, in health and strength abounding,
Smiles of welcome meet.

When youth's gladsome hours, swiftly gliding,
Cast their parting shade,
May no still voice, mis-spent moments chiding,
Mournfully upbraid:
May we all, with songs of joy and gladness,
Range that blissful shore,
Where the bitter, parting notes of sadness,
Wake our grief no more.
Hark! the Sabbath-bell is sounding,
Joyously and clear;
O! may all, their hymns of praise resounding,
Round God's throne appear!



Still Thy watchful care bestowing,
Guard, O Lord, thy sacred Word!
May its truths yet brighter glowing,
New delight each day afford.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

"Eltham," or "Ives."

JOYFULLY, this Sabbath day,
LORD, thy sacred courts we throng;
Here our youthful homage pay,
Tuning now the grateful song.
Children of Jerusalem
Sang their great Redeemer's praise—
May not we to-day, like them,
Loud the glad hosanna raise?

Feebly can our lips express
All the gratitude we owe,
For the love and tenderness
Only JESUS can bestow:
He will guide our feet aright,
Share our childhood's hopes and fears,
And in sad affliction's night
Wipe away the bitter tears.

Through His mercy we to-day
Hear a loving Pastor's voice,
With kind Teachers sing and pray,
And in health and strength rejoice.
O! when youth's bright days have fled,
Riper years we all attain,
May no burning tear be shed
O'er these moments—spent in vain!

THE PASTOR'S WELCOME.

(Sung upon the commencement of the pastoral duties of Rev. S. D.)

Tune, "Harwell," in "Carmina Sacra."

WELCOME, welcome, friend and pastor,
Welcome teacher of the Word!
Hear the Children's joyful welcome
To this Vineyard of the Lord!
While with infant hearts and voices,
Lord, we'd raise our thanks to Thee,
Praise that here Thou'st kindly sent him,
Our guide and guardian to be:
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, pastor, teacher, friend!

Tell us of the dear Redeemer,
How He died our souls to save;
How he triumph'd over Satan,
Sin, and darkness, and the grave!
How he rose again; in Heaven,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Off'ring now His grace and mercy,
Claiming children's hearts his own.
Welcome, welcome, etc.

Teachers, children, congregation,
All within this sacred place,
Greet thee with a cordial welcome,
Herald of the Saviour's grace!

May He aid all thy endeavors
In the work before thee here ;
And God's blessing crown the labors
Of our pastor, friend sincere.

Welcome, welcome, etc.

Spread abroad the precious Gospel,
That the sinner turn and flee
From the paths that lead to ruin,
Won to God, through grace, by thee.
May holy zeal and sacred fire
Be imparted from above,
And thou thy hearers' hearts inspire
With a Saviour's wond'rous love.

Welcome, welcome, etc.

And, when here our stay is ended,
May we reach a happier home—
Pastor, people. reunited,
Meet with children round God's throne.
O! may all, with songs of rapture,
Singing God's redeeming grace,
Meet the kind and cheering welcome
Of the Saviour of our race!

Welcome, welcome, etc.

MISSIONARY ODE.

I.

Tune, "Wand'ring Stranger."

THE heathen race still call us,
From mountain and from plain,
And hill and blooming valley
Re-echo back the strain,
To send the precious Gospel,
God's ever-blessed Word,
That points to the Redeemer,
As their all-glorious Lord.

Far o'er the angry waters,
That lash the lonely shore,
A cry of bitter wailing
To us is wafted o'er:
Nations in darkness shrouded,
Are yet without the Light—
O! save them from the terrors
Of an unending Night!

The frantic pagan mother
Sees on the fun'ral pyre,
Victim of unhallow'd rite,
Her tender offsprings' sire!
She calls on us as Christians,
(May we deserve the name,)
To save her and her lov'd ones
From the devouring flame!

H.

Tune, "The Watcher."

DEEP in the lonely forest,
Beside a new-made grave,
A heathen child is weeping,
His woe there's none to aid.
A poor, heart-broken orphan,
His mother here lies dead,
In nature's keenest anguish,
He bows his aching head.

There no messenger of love,
Proclaiming Mercy's God,
Bids him look for strength above
To bear affliction's rod.
O! for gleam of Hope to cheer
That orphan-mourner there;
To feel that though homeless here,
In Heav'n there's mansion fair!



III.

Tune, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

MAY richest, choicest blessings,
Attend the faithful few,
That far o'er Ocean's surges,
Their work of love pursue;
Who leaving friends and kindred
And a beloved land,
Are faithfully performing
The Saviour's last command!

God's self-denying servants,
From many a distant shore,
Where Gospel light is dawning,
Our sympathy implore:
They call on us to aid them,
Its tidings to impart —
O! may the supplication
Move ev'ry loyal heart!

And shall not even children
Aid in the blest design?
Shall *they* not bring, with gladness,
Oblations to the shrine?
O yes! our humble tribute
Cheerfully we bring;
Zion's God will not disdain
The Children's Offering.

IV.

Tune, "When His Salvation Bringing."

O! HASTEN, happy period,
When Adam's fallen race,
Of ev'ry clime and kindred,
Shall seek redeeming grace!
When on cherubic-pinion,
The blood-stain'd Cross is borne,
And ransom'd mortals welcome
Redemption's blissful dawn!

Then shall the desert blossom,
And fertile valley sing,
Their Maker's anthem swelling,
While rocks exulting ring!
Then shall our little children
The bear and lion lead;
No more shall warring nations
In ruthless conflict bleed!



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